

The Bloomfield Record.

S. MORRIS HULIN, Proprietor. Established 1873.

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THE GOLD STANDARD FALLACY EXPOSED.

Can the gold standard be maintained by borrowing gold? Obviously not. Gold is not wanted for use at home, and it is not borrowed for that purpose. It is wanted for export; it is wanted to pay for imports or for interest on debts our people owe to other countries; for the carrying trade, etc. When will the necessity for borrowing for such purposes end? Manifestly only when we pay in some other way. The borrower does not keep the money he borrows; he pays it away. Borrowed gold never stays in the country that borrows it. Conditions that make it necessary to borrow gold will send it out again as fast as it is liberated. Gold stays only where it goes of itself, in the course of trade. Gold will stay in this country only as it comes here in the course of trade, and it will come here in that way on the one condition that prices here are enough below the price level of other countries to make this the best market to buy in—that is, to invest gold in. We can get gold and keep it in no other way.

High prices and the gold standard do not go together, and they cannot both be had at the same time. The one condition on which the gold standard can be maintained is low prices; that is, the conditions under which gold will come here of itself must first be created. Nor can debtor nations maintain an even price level with creditor countries. Prices must be lower with us than in countries owing no outside debts.

Besides exporting enough to pay for all our imports, we must pay annually, as interest and other charges, not less than \$400,000,000. This must be paid with products of some kind or with gold. We can pay with products only on condition that we will sell as low as any other country, and we must compete with all other debtor countries for the privilege of paying in commodities.

The condition, therefore, on which the gold standard can be maintained here is not only lower prices than now, but prices lower than in countries not in debt—enough lower to induce our creditors to take of us commodities for what we owe them rather than demand gold.

No matter, therefore, how ruinous the fall of prices has been, nor what the consequences of a further fall may be, they must go a good deal lower before gold can be made to stay here, and until then we will not in fact be on a gold basis. That is the cost of the gold standard, and it can be had at no less sacrifice.

We have borrowed since 1893 \$262,000,000. All that we have borrowed has gone from us, and all that we borrow will undoubtedly go in the same way. And will there not be the same necessity to borrow again when this is gone as now? If, after \$262,000,000 had been borrowed, more borrowing is necessary, will the necessity stop at \$500,000,000 or at \$1,000,000,000? What will stop it? The truth is, every loan for such a purpose increases the necessity for more loans, and there is no end but the limit of credit, and that, of course, means bankruptcy.

This is so plain a proposition that anybody can see through it, and hard-headed men all over the country do see through it, if bankers don't, and are asking when it is to stop? If Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle think this policy has the approval of the people, let them take a trip through almost any part of the country outside of Wall street, and they will hear denunciations of it in language anything but complimentary to themselves or to their policy.

The truth is, plain people know the attempt to maintain the gold standard by borrowing gold is a blunder, and they believe it is approaching very near the line of criminal blundering.

Nor is it possible to change this condition by tariffs. If prices of commodities that must go to pay what we owe abroad, could be, and were, raised by tariffs above prices for like commodities in other countries, then our creditors would refuse to take goods and demand gold. And if a protective tariff could be made operative on the things produced by half our people, it ought not to be made to operate in favor of the other half, or for the benefit of one and the injury of another; and it cannot long be made to operate in that way, for it is not possible, by tariffs or in any other way, permanently to maintain a

low price level for half of our industries and a high level for the other half.

Tariffs, to be justified, must be made to cover our industrial system as a whole.

Again, the question of maintaining the gold standard, or of keeping gold in this country, is not one of revenue. If twice as much revenue were collected as is now paid into the Treasury, it would have little or no effect on the outflow of gold. Gold is not demanded at the Treasury for internal use, where other currency serves every purpose just as well as gold, and is more convenient. Gold is wanted to pay debts abroad, where other currency cannot be used. If it would therefore be the height of folly, now that \$250,000,000 have been put into the Treasury to be there idle, to add to this idle hoard by increased taxation.

One thing more: It is not because of the existence of greenbacks that gold goes out of the country. It would go out just as quickly and just as certainly if bank-notes took the place of greenbacks. Nor would it make any difference to the business interests of the country whether the gold that went abroad was gathered first in the Treasury and was then taken from there or went directly from the banks. The question of the gold standard is at bottom a question of price levels and nothing else; and price levels do not depend on who issues the paper currency, or on whether the volume is made up of bank-notes or of Treasury notes.—A. J. Warner, Monograph No. 18, Amer. Bimetallist Union.

ANDRE'S MONUMENT.

Vandals Have Chipped His Memorial in Westminster Abbey.

Near the center of the south wall of the nave is a monument to Major Andre of Revolutionary note. The very long inscription upon it begins, "Sacred to the memory of Major John Andre, who, led by his merit, at an early period of the war, to the rank of captain, general of the British forces in America, and employed in an important but hazardous mission, fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his king and country, on the 24th of October, 1780, aged 29, universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes."

About the base of the monument, which is a panel set against the wall, are several small figures. These figures, from the panel, and represent the presentation of Major Andre's body to General Washington on the night before his execution. The ease with which the heads of these figures could be broken off has been too great a temptation to idle hands, and most of the heads have been knocked off and stolen. That such vandalism is not wholly modern is shown from the fact that Charles Lamb writes of the defacing of this very monument in this way in his "Essays of Elia": "Southey, the poet, when a boy, was a pupil at the Westminster school. Late in life he was exceedingly sensitive in regard to his political principles, and for a time a serious quarrel existed between himself and Lamb, because the latter, speaking in regard to the Duke of York, his bones were exhumed and taken to England to be buried in the abbey. The box in which they were placed for the voyage is still preserved in the oratory over St. John's chapel, where the war figures are kept.—Max Bennett Thresher in St. Nicholas.

There is now fastened upon the wall of the nave, above the monument, a wreath of oak leaves which Dean Stanley, when he visited America, gathered near the spot on the bank of the Hudson river where Andre was executed. Although Andre died in 1780, it was not until 1891 that, at the request of the Duke of York, his bones were exhumed and taken to England to be buried in the abbey. The box in which they were placed for the voyage is still preserved in the oratory over St. John's chapel, where the war figures are kept.—Max Bennett Thresher in St. Nicholas.

The Compass Plant.

The compass plant is one of the oddest creations of the vegetable kingdom. It derives its name from the fact that its leaves always point directly north and south. So if you are out on a western prairie and lose your way just look for one of these plants and remember that they always point in the directions indicated. Botanists call this curious plant *Silphium laciniatum*. It is unpretentious in appearance and bears yellow flowers that are not unlike small daisies. It has a remarkably thin leaf, so thin as to be noticeable even to the untrained eye. The compass plant is really a western flower and is indigenous to the prairies of that section.

Good Water Attracts Poisons.

A scientific paper adds these new terms to good water as a beverage: It says the water possesses the quality of attracting to itself the poisonous gases exhaled by the lungs and the pores of the body. One of the best ways to purify a freshly painted room is to set about it basins of good water, changing them every few hours. The water in these basins will be found to be deadly poisonous.

The Real Reason.

Bride (at the wedding, to best man)—Why is marriage often a failure? Best Man—Because the bride does not marry the best man.—Detroit Free Press.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY.

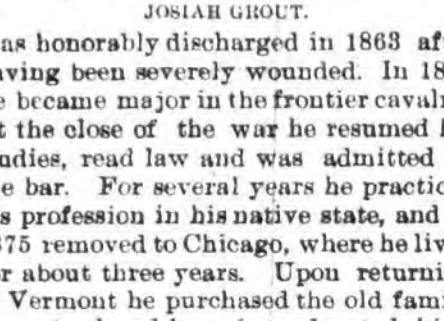
John McAnley Palmer, the presidential nominee of the gold standard Democrats, is a native of Kentucky, but for many years has been a resident of Illinois, which state he now represents in the United States senate. He is 79 years of age. In 1831, when he was 14 years old, his father removed to Madison county, Ill., and young Palmer finished



his education at Alton college. After that he taught school and studied law for several years, being admitted to the bar in 1839. He was county judge for several terms and was then elected to the state senate as a Republican. In 1856 he was a delegate to the national convention in Philadelphia which nominated Fremont. At the beginning of the war he entered the Union army as a colonel, serving until 1860, when he was retired at his own request. He returned to Illinois, settled in Springfield, and was elected governor of the state in 1868. About this time he joined the Democratic party, and after being several times a candidate for the United States senate was elected as a Democrat in 1890. His term expires next March.

Vermont's Governor-Elect.

Josiah Grant, governor-elect of Vermont, is an army veteran with a good war record, a retired lawyer, a practical farmer and a leader of long standing among Green Mountain Republicans. He was born in Derby in 1842. He was a farmer's boy and was just completing his education at the academy when the war broke out. Although only 19, he enlisted, rose to the rank of captain and



was honorably discharged in 1863 after having been severely wounded. In 1864 he became major in the frontier cavalry. At the close of the war he resumed his studies, read law and was admitted to the bar. For several years he practiced his profession in his native state, and in 1875 removed to Chicago, where he lived for about three years. Upon returning to Vermont he purchased the old family homestead and has since devoted himself to farming. He has several times represented his district in the state legislature and was three times speaker of the house. He has also served as state senator.

A Distinguished Visitor.

Of all the visits from distinguished foreigners which Uncle Sam has been so recently favored with that of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain is likely to prove of the deepest political import. Mr. Chamberlain, or "Fighting Joe," as the English love to call him, is the British colonial secretary and really the backbone of the Conservative cabinet. It is believed that he is here to consult with Secretary of State Olney in regard to the Venezuelan matter, and the results may be of great international importance.



RIGHT HONORABLE JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

Interest. This is Mr. Chamberlain's fourth visit to this country. He first came here in 1887, when he met Miss Endicott, whose father was then secretary of war. The following year he returned and made Miss Endicott his wife. He also paid us a visit in 1893. His wife accompanies him on his present trip. Mr. Chamberlain's political career has been a lively one, and his star is still in the ascendant, for it is entirely likely that he will be the next British premier. He is perhaps the wealthiest commoner in Great Britain, owning extensive manufacturing industries in Birmingham. Personally he is noted for his consummate skill in managing a monopoly.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A Green and White Guest Chamber—A French Polish Furniture—Fruit Cakes—Fruit Cakes—Fruit Cakes.

Imagine first, before the details are given, the impression this room carries to very one fortunate enough to become its inmate. It is useful in its coloring, its furnishings are simple and comfortable, and it is pervaded by the touch of an artistic personality. The floor is covered with a carpet of green filling, and rugs of white goat skin are laid beside the bed and in front of the dressing table. The woodwork—mantel, picture molding, etc.—are painted a medium dark sage green. The wall paper is an undulating pattern of yellows and blues that give the effect of a soft green at short range. The ceiling is calcimined a light yellow.

The double iron bedstead is painted green, with a spread made of green and white cretonne. This material is used also on a Sleepy Hollow chair and on a cushioned window bench. In the last two drawers are fitted in for storing away clothes. From a ring in the ceiling an immense Japanese parasol is suspended over the bed, its inner tracery of sea shells upon pale blue and silver giving a perpetual study in dainty tones to the occupant.

The dressing table is a wide board, 35 by 43 inches, fastened to the wall between two windows of a bay, lengths of printed cretonne—white, stamped with green vines—are gathered around the edges of the board and a damask green embroidered with maidenhair ferns is laid upon the top. A similar arrangement for a washstand is fitted into a jog between the fireplace and closet.

The cretonne is gathered at the top and bottom 17 inches wide and tacked to the wall as a protector. An ebony frame for a screen is covered with a damask green cretonne. The water jug and bowl are made of "agat" shaped of Moorish ware in solid green. Over a couch at one end of the room is a long slip eight inches wide fastened to the wall, and upon this is a dozen entertaining books, a slim vase holding a single rose, an East Indian fan, a plate of Benares, and a bonbon box. The foregoing ideas, expressed in the foregoing words, are the result of considerable thought, are presented by a writer in Decorator and Furnisher as suggestive, if not directly helpful, to others.

To French Polish Furniture.

The following method of applying polish is advised in a foreign exchange: Having your varnish at hand, and supposing the article to be polished is quite clean and smooth and has been rubbed with glass paper if necessary, proceed as follows: Rub the varnish with a strip of thick woolen cloth which has been torn off—it should form a coil from one to three inches in diameter, according to the size of the work. The varnish, in a narrow necked bottle, is to be applied to the middle of the flat surface of the rubber by laying the latter on the mouth of the bottle and shaking up the varnish once, as the thumb nail of the hand will rub the proper quantity of varnish a considerable extent of surface.

Now incline your rubber in a soft, thin, linen cloth, the rest of the cloth being kept up to a hand. Moisten the face of the linen with a little raw linseed oil applied with the finger. Placing your work opposite the light, now the rubber quickly and lightly over its surface until the varnish becomes dry, or nearly so. Charge your rubber, as before, with varnish (omit the oil) and repeat the rubbing until three coats are laid on, when a little oil may be applied to the rubber and two coats more be given. Proceeding in this way until the varnish has acquired some thickness, wet the inside of the linen cloth before applying the varnish with alcohol and rub quickly, lightly and uniformly the whole surface. Lastly, wet the linen cloth with a little oil and alcohol without varnish and rub, as before, till dry.

Old Time Peach Cobbler.

Line a pudding dish with a thick crust. Peel and cut into quarters peaches enough to fill the dish, heaping them. Cover with sugar, a little ground cinnamon and the juice of half a lemon. Cover the dish with a thick, rich pie crust, put the dish in the oven and bake very slowly until the crust is of a rich dark brown. When it is baked, take a silver spoon and break the top crust into pieces, letting some of the fruit show with the fruit. This "pie" may be eaten hot or cold, and a pitcher of cream should be served with it.

Fine Cucumber Pickles.

Wash the cucumbers clean, pour scalding hot brine over them and let stand three hours. To a gallon of good apple vinegar add a piece of alum the size of a hickory nut and heat it scalding hot. Put the cucumbers in and let them rest 15 minutes. Then take the cucumbers out and throw away the vinegar. Now heat a gallon of fresh vinegar, with a green pepper cut in two, cinnamon and cloves, a little alum and a little sugar. Put the pickles in and let them scald; then seal up in glass jars.

Novalties Noted.

Ornamental stands of wrought iron are made now for hot dishes. Both useful and ornamental are the broad forks with pierced tines and heavily chased handles. New china cabinets are replete with applied decorations in gilt. Novalties noted by The Jeweler's Circular are terry and salad spoons, soap dishes and forks, the finely wrought silver handles of which furnish object lessons in mythology. A useful addition to toilet articles is a pumice stone set in silver, after the style of a nail polisher. It is designed to remove ink spots and fruit and stains from the hands. To restore gray hair to its natural color in youth, cause it to grow abundant and long, there is no better preparation than Hall's Hair Renewer.

NOT MADE TO ORDER.

"The whom I love must be quite small." "I said, 'I'll not put all women—quite petite. With eyes that must perform to be raised to mine. And small, white hands and little, dancing feet.' But when we met, love, in that hour divine Your honest eyes looked level into mine. 'She must be gentle—woman's chiefest charm; Meek and submissive to my slightest frown.' But now my heart is lying at your feet. Ah, how impatiently you smiled it down! And, 'You will please to come from day to day. Live but to love, to honor, to obey.' 'Who must be fair.' But in your rounded cheek The red and brown do meet in sweetest blend. The twilight dusk is in your heavy hair, And long black lashes added beauty lend To your brown eyes, where darkly written lie Love's answers in love's shy clarity. —Pearson's Weekly.

ALLIGATOR SENSE.

They Don't Have Much Before They Are One Hundred Years Old.

"Do you know," said Colonel Ben Carson, leaning back in his chair, "that alligators are the most affectionate creatures on earth? It's a fact, and the sense they have! They've got more sense than a dog. How do I know? Haven't I educated 'em? Ain't there an alligator 110 years old in De Alameda beyond that would work his tail to the bone for me if I asked him to? Say, you make me tired! What are you laughing at? You get a gallon of molasses and a long necked bottle and I'll show you how to tame alligators. It's the easiest thing on earth. They're so affectionate.

On June 28, 1888, I went to De Alameda beyond fishing. A negro named Baptiste Fortier had just caught an alligator 100 years old. I could tell by the rings around him. You can't train a young alligator. That's funny, ain't it? I asked Baptiste to sell him to me. I paid him \$4.95, and Jim, that's the alligator's name, was mine. I put a chain around his neck. Then I got me a long necked bottle and filled it with molasses and walked up to him. He opened his jaws to nab me. That was my chance. I shoved the neck of the bottle in his mouth, just back of his ears, where an alligator has no teeth. I tilted the bottle up. Jim tasted the molasses and began wagging his tail. He broke Baptiste's leg, but that was an accident. He was as gentle as a setter dog from the minute he tasted the molasses. I taught him a lot of pretty tricks—how to catch flies, how to stand on his tail, how to chew tobacco. Finally I harnessed him up to a boat. He looked around at me to see what I wanted. I reached over the side of the boat and poured the molasses. Then he understood. Or he went. When I pulled on the rope I had around his neck, he was surprised for a minute, but he soon caught on, and now when I go to De Alameda I never have to hire any body to paddle my canoe. Jim attends to carrying me anywhere I want to go.

"Say, do you know Jim is as glad to see me whenever I pass that way as if he was a relative of mine. What's that? Of course it's the truth. Ask Baptiste. He takes care of Jim for me while I am in New Orleans."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

moose in New Brunswick.

The future of the moose, oldest and noblest of the game animals on this continent, is a matter that has interested a good many people. Mr. Prattswait, who has lived among these animals all his life, says there is no danger of their diminution in New Brunswick. They shed their antlers before the snow becomes deep in winter, and the sportsman who endures to carry away a hornless moose is always roughly dealt with by the magistrates down in the settlements. The only relentless enemy of the moose is the lumberman, who in the depth of winter can make good use of the meat. But in the region which is the subject of this article there is little lumber and there are few lumbermen. The degenerate Indians of the villages seldom trouble themselves to hunt, and the few moose killed by hunters are sold to the army and navy. Brain gets trapped because his coat will average \$20 to his captor. There are no wolves in this wilderness, so the prospects for the moose are bright. Instead of worse. And if there are thousands of moose, there are tens of thousands of caribou.—Frederick Island in Scribner.

The Robin and the Caterpillar.

The robin hops along in the furrow and picks up worms as the farmer plows, which it eats itself or carries to its nest as food for the young robin. The robin preys smooth coated worms such as the common earthworm, but if such food is scarce it does not disdain the fuzzy caterpillar. It is an evil day for the caterpillar when a robin strikes it. The robin picks it up and shakes it out of it—the fur, as the children call the caterpillar's fuzzy coating—leaving the caterpillar bare in patches and sometimes all over and shakes all out of shape. Then the robin eats it or carries it off to feed its young.—New York Sun.

A Questionable Compliment.

Charley Champagne—Ah, Miss Nightingale, that "Winter Song" was charming. It carried me back to the days of my childhood.

Miss Nightingale—I am so glad you like it.

Charley Champagne—Why, I could actually hear the cattle-bellows, the old windmill creaking and the discordant wind howling about the doot.—Washington Times.

The cords of window blinds are good barometers. When they become tight, the reason is found in the fact that the air is moist, the cords have absorbed some of the moisture, and so are drawn taut. When they are slack, the air is dry and the tension of the cords is relaxed.

The 8-cent nickel piece, now discontinued, weighed 50 grains.

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